feeding frenzy for cigarettes. She couldn't say no.

Johnny offered her a couple of cigarettes. She came downstairs and stood and talked for a while on the porch.

She'd had a manufacturing job in the 70's. It was a better world. There were better drugs in it. She and her boyfriend took them in their basement apartment, listening to rock. Her friend shot someone after an argument and wound up in an asylum for the criminally insane.

Velvet was cruising down the highway on the back of someone's Harley and it was as if one of her thoughts leapt out of her head into the road in front of them and pulled them through the windshield. Johnny imagined her, frozen in the headlights of an on-rushing thought. She was mental roadkill.

First Deane, then Velvet....

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The entire mad nation. Congregating every noon hour on the fire-escape at Shalom Drop-In Pizza Parlor Food Bank. Waiting for hours for the free cookies after the prayer meeting. For the Peak Freaks baked by Lady Eatone's very own satiny Lily Whites. With a little help from her Freak Fairies....

Johnny saw the sign that one of the cookie-distributors had stuck in the window beside the Daily Saying: LIVE/WORK SPACE.

Everyone on Thing Street thought he was an artist, but was just some kind of nut....

They dociley queued up, politely narrating their Case Histories....

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Those shit-houses in Crockville.

He scrawled tits and cocks in slops all over those shit-houses in Crockville.

Then he blew up General Cock's Egyptian Monument....